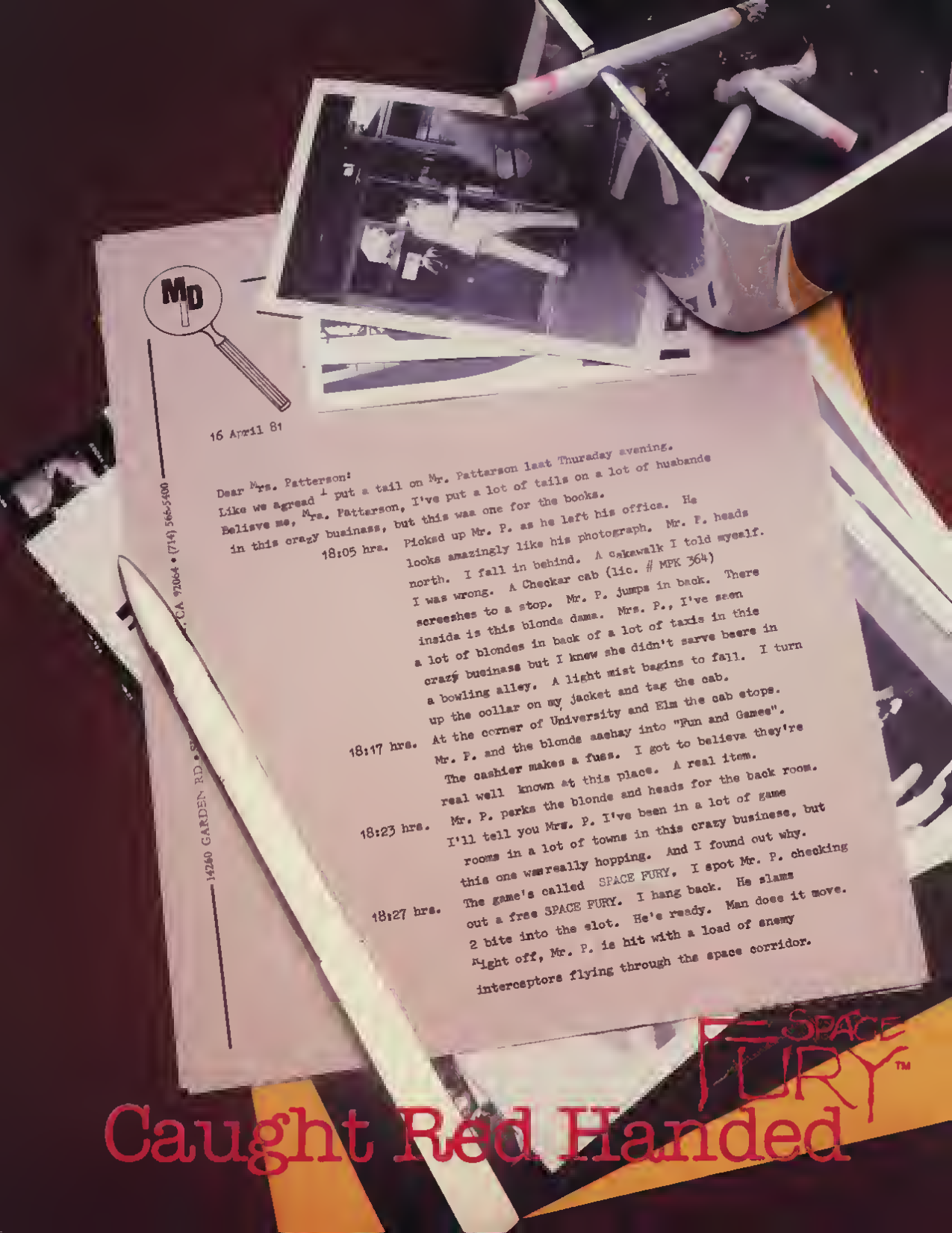
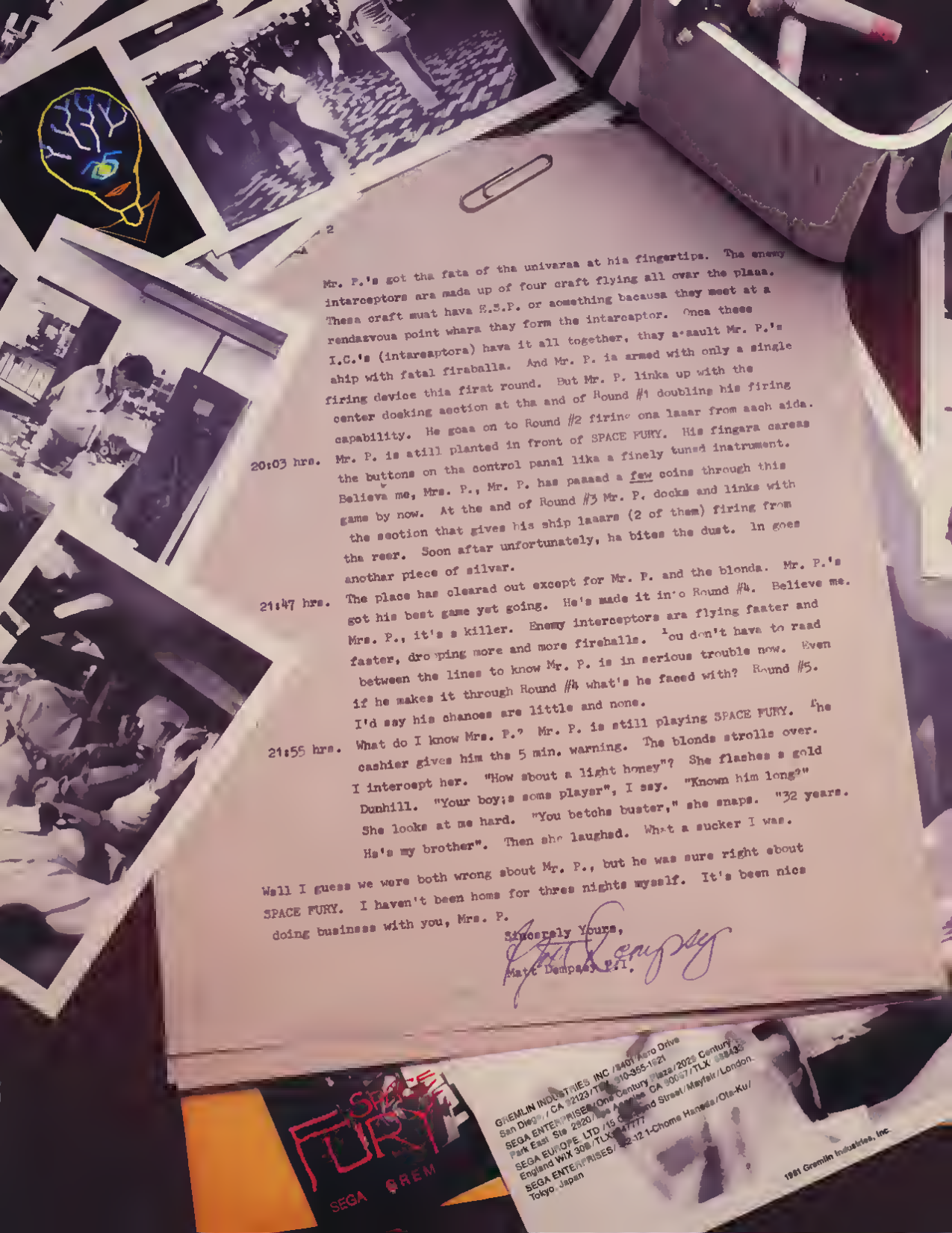

MD
14250 GARDEN RD • S
CA 92064 • (714) 566-5400
16 April 81
Dear Mrs. Patterson:
Like we agread I put a tail on Mr. Patterson last Thuraday evening.
Belisve me, Mrs. Patterson, I've put a lot of tails on a lot of husbands
in this crazy business, but this was one for the books.
18:05 hrs. Picked up Mr. P. as he left his office. He
looks amazingly like his photograph. Mr. P. heads
north. I fall in behind. A cakewalk I told myself.
I was wrong. A Checkar cab (lic. # MPK 364)
screeshes to a stop. Mr. P. jumps in back. There
insida is this blonde dama. Mrs. P., I've seen
a lot of blondes in back of a lot of taxis in this
crazy business but I knew she didn't serve beers in
a bowling alley. A light mist bagins to fall. I turn
up the collar on my jacket and tag the cab.
18:17 hrs. At the corner of University and Elm the cab stops.
Mr. P. and the blonde sachay into "Fun and Games".
The cashier makes a fuss. I got to believe they're
real well known at this place. A real item.
18:23 hrs. Mr. P. perks the blonde and heads for the back room.
I'll tell you Mrs. P. I've been in a lot of game
rooms in a lot of towns in this crazy business, but
this one was really hopping. And I found out why.
18:27 hrs. The game's called SPACE FURY. I spot Mr. P. checking
out a free SPACE FURY. I hang back. He slams
2 bite into the slot. He's ready. Man does it move.
Right off, Mr. P. is hit with a load of enemy
interceptors flying through the space corridor.
SPACE FURY™
Caught Red Handed



2

Mr. P.'s got the fate of the universe at his fingertips. The enemy interceptors are made up of four craft flying all over the place. These craft must have E.S.P. or something because they meet at a rendezvous point where they form the interceptor. Once these I.C.'s (interceptors) have it all together, they assault Mr. P.'s ship with fatal fireballs. And Mr. P. is armed with only a single firing device this first round. But Mr. P. links up with the center docking section at the end of Round #1 doubling his firing capability. He goes on to Round #2 firing one laser from each side.

20:03 hrs. Mr. P. is still planted in front of SPACE FURY. His fingers caress the buttons on the control panel like a finely tuned instrument. Believe me, Mrs. P., Mr. P. has passed a few coins through this game by now. At the end of Round #3 Mr. P. docks and links with the section that gives his ship lasers (2 of them) firing from the rear. Soon after unfortunately, he bites the dust. In goes another piece of silver.

21:47 hrs. The place has cleared out except for Mr. P. and the blonde. Mr. P.'s got his best game yet going. He's made it into Round #4. Believe me. Mrs. P., it's a killer. Enemy interceptors are flying faster and faster, dropping more and more fireballs. You don't have to read between the lines to know Mr. P. is in serious trouble now. Even if he makes it through Round #4 what's he faced with? Round #5. I'd say his chances are little and none.

21:55 hrs. What do I know Mrs. P.? Mr. P. is still playing SPACE FURY. The cashier gives him the 5 min. warning. The blonde strolls over. I intercept her. "How about a light honey"? She flashes a gold Dunhill. "Your boy is some player", I say. "Known him long?" She looks at me hard. "You betcha buster," she snaps. "32 years. He's my brother". Then she laughed. What a sucker I was.

Well I guess we were both wrong about Mr. P., but he was sure right about SPACE FURY. I haven't been home for three nights myself. It's been nice doing business with you, Mrs. P.

Sincerely Yours,

Matt Dempsey P.I.

SPACE FURY
SEGA GREM
GREMLIN INDUSTRIES, INC. /5401 Aero Drive
San Diego, CA 92123/TEL (619) 565-1821
SEGA ENTERPRISES/One Century Plaza/2029 Century
Park East Ste 2920/Los Angeles CA 90067/TLX
SEGA EUROPE LTD /15 Grafton Street/Mayfair/London
England W1X 3DB/TLX
SEGA ENTERPRISES/
Tokyo Japan
1981 Gremlin Industries, Inc.